

# Good Morning 219

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

HAPPY CHRISTMAS, comrades all. From this base I send to submariners everywhere wishes for the happiest possible Christmas. May you be home for the following year's celebrations.

In particular, I send greetings to a guy who amused me more than any other man I've met—Tommy Holmes, of "Tribune."

To Lieut. Steadman, with whom I hope to exchange many more pints at Richmond.

To Sub-Lieut. John Carter, with whom I shared some things one memorable weekend.

To Lieut. Froom-Tyler, the liaison officer between "Good Morning" and the Admiralty, who has extended invaluable courtesies.



Tommy Holmes

"Bish" Bulstrode

To Stoker Petty Officer Frank Parkins, being the first submariner I had the honour of meeting.

To C.P.O. Buchan, of "Tribune"—the most straight-faced jester I ever hope to meet.

To a "mother" of many crews, Mrs. Trapp, of "Tuna Villa," who graciously extended her friendliness to a colleague and myself.

To two Padres, whose assistance in starting this paper was highly valued, and to many others who, with a debt of gratitude too large to repay, have paid tribute to you by gladly giving my colleagues their wholehearted co-operation.

AN outstanding book I have recently read is "Seeking the Bubble."

You may have heard that dramatic and moving B.B.C. Postscript in which Emlyn Williams told the heroic story of a fellow-actor, Esmond Knight, who before the war had acted at the Old Vic in Repertory and on the films, and then became blinded as an officer on H.M.S. "Prince of Wales" during an action leading to the sinking of the "Bismarck."

The narrator went on to tell how Knight had not given in, but had faced this great tragedy

with courage and a sense of humour, determined to be independent even if he was blind. Recently the news has come that Knight is again able to see, though as yet only partially.

This book is Esmond Knight's own story of his life.

He has a rare and sensitive gift of expression, which he employs in his delightfully human descriptions of life in all its phases, at school, in the theatre, on the sea, and back to acting again.

It is a book which cannot fail to hold and fascinate.

IN Plymstock, Devon, members of the darts fraternity are toasting three brothers, each of whom have recently achieved the distinction of qualifying for whatever medal goes with getting a triple treble-twenty.

Another member of this talented Lavers family is also a great darts enthusiast, and hopes to qualify in the near future.

How do I know this? I gained my knowledge the hard way! With a colleague, I rashly announced at the Plymstock Blue Peter Club H.Q. that I would like a game. Two of the brothers took me on!

Need I say any more?

THE black-out, to which Americans are not yet used, did not, as most folk think, originate in this, or even the last, war.

The first black-out known to war was in 1813; when the British Fleet sailed into the bay, every light in the tiny American town of St. Michael's, Maryland, was extinguished. Lanterns were hung in the tree-tops, and the invaders overshot their mark.

THAT Nazi chiefs are getting shy is becoming obvious.

The official citations from German Army Headquarters now read: "Private Blank has been awarded the Iron Cross for gallantry." Previously they read: "The Fuehrer graciously awards the Iron Cross to Private Blank."

Goering, too, is getting shy, or something—

A Dortmund worker has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for suggesting that a monument to Goering should be erected in the Ruhr, says a German newspaper.

THE thousandth Monday lunch-time recital by Dr. Harold Darke at the organ of St. Michael's, Cornhill, London, recently, comprised works by well-known composers, dedicated to him.

Dr. Darke is the church's organist, and also organist of King's College, Cambridge. He is a past-president of the Royal College of Organists, and his listeners at St. Michael's usually include a number of organists who are themselves recitalists.

He is a brilliant player of Bach, and is very proud of the exceptionally fine organ at St. Michael's—a fine-toned Renatus Harris, whose origin goes back to the days before Bach.

Ron Richards

## WEARY, WORN JAIL-BIRDS, DROOPING CHICKENS—

MILES of glass tubing and tons of steel and silver plate mark the Government factory-laboratory, somewhere in Britain, producing Vitamin B1 from the bran of grain—and using it to make your bread more nourishing.

Thanks to B1 in bread—only a tiny pinch of crystalline powder to a sack of flour—you have more energy, better health and higher spirits.

Yet if a Dutch medical officer in a Javanese prison forty years ago hadn't noticed that the jail-birds—chickens and prisoners alike—were peculiarly lethargic and low in spirits, perhaps we should never have known about B1.

Dr. Eijkmann discovered that the fowls were fed upon polished rice left over from the

## LED TO VITAMINS DISCOVERY

prison food. He experimented, and fed some on whole rice. Their health improved amazingly. So did that of the prisoners when given unpolished rice in their rations. It became evident that the outer layers of the grain contained some substance of mysterious power.

For more than thirty years research workers struggled to separate it from the imprisoning husk. Not until 1936 did an American scientist discover that polishing with fine sand released it from the rice husk.

Historians will not be able to write about this war without telling how vitamins helped us to victory, how they were infused into margarine, and how R.A.F. pilots were supplied with Vitamin A and D capsules at every meal for the improvement of night vision.



## TO LIEUTENANT A. PIPER

ALL'S WELL AT HOME  
AT GOLF CRESCENT,  
TROON. ASTON MADE  
SUCH A GOOD PHOTO

WE GAVE HIM A PLACE OF HONOUR ABOVE



### — AND TWO VEG.

Huge stores of Vitamin C tablets have been built up, in case we should ever run short of fresh fruit and vegetables.

C is the anti-scurvy vitamin. Its discoverer, Nobel Prize-winner Albert Gyorgy, hunted it for years without success.

Thinking he might extract it from the glands of newly slaughtered cattle, he toiled on a pittance in the abattoirs, but without result. Then one day his wife set before him a dish of paprika. It gave the scientist an inspiration.

Rushing to the laboratory with what was left on his plate, he confirmed his suspicions. Paprika possessed Vitamin C in abundance.

To-day, scientists have reached a substance which they list as "K" in vitamin research. When it is isolated it will banish anaemia, just as "D" is preventing rickets.

Vitamin D has perhaps the strangest power of any of the vitamins. It holds the germs prisoner. When it discovers parasites in the blood stream, it literally walls up the invaders in limestone coffins. Sun-bathing produces Vitamin D.

That is why children with

rickets are treated with sun-ray lamps. In the winter, natural cows' milk contains no Vitamin D. But milk can be irradiated with the vitamin by being flowed in a thin stream beneath ultra-violet rays.

Vitamin E, too, has a queer story. The scientist responsible for its discovery fed cows on an artificial diet deficient in vegetable oil, and found that they failed to calve.

For many weary months he experimented on various grasses and watercress, and discovered the vitamin in vegetable oils.

### OH, LET US!

He was convinced that the vitamin helped fertility. Then a schoolboy's remark drove him to consider rabbits—and now he knows that they eat lettuce with good reason.

We are still only on the fringe of vitamin research. All that is known of Vitamin H, for instance, is that one research worker believes its absence was the cause of a skin disease on a baby trout.

It's not much to go on. But great trains of discovery in medical research have been built up from beginnings no less trivial.

## JAPS CAN'T SAY "YES"

MORE men and women to-day are learning to speak Japanese than ever before. The reason is, of course, that the war against Japan calls for thousands of men able to examine prisoners, deal with Japanese propaganda, and so on.

One U.S. publisher reported that he had sold more books on the Japanese language in 18 months of war than in the 17 preceding years.

The Japanese language is reputed to be amongst the hardest in the world to learn.

This is due not only to the fact that it is written in "ideographs," and has no alphabet, but also because the Japanese have a completely different way of thinking, which is reflected in the language.

Spoken Japanese is not so difficult to master. The written language, with its many thousands of ideographs, or "pictures," of which some eight thousand are commonly used, is another matter.

As far as pronunciation is concerned, the most difficult part for Anglo-Saxons is generally the complete lack of intonation, which makes it sound so odd to our ears.

Before the war, the Japanese were apt to discourage foreigners learning the language, even when they were teachers of English in Japan. More than one English and American teacher has found himself under suspicion by the police because he tried to learn the language.

The police could not imagine that there was any purpose in learning a foreign language except to spy more effectively.

### NO STRAIGHT ANSWER.

Amongst the curiosities of the language are the absence of words representing "yes" and "no."

It is possible for a Japanese to answer a straightforward question with the equivalent of "yes" (e.g., Are you going home? I am going home) and for it to mean the opposite.

Exactly how this is possible without lying is difficult to explain without a complete exposition of the history and character of the Japanese, but it remains a fact.

It is useful in diplomacy, of course, but so awkward in scientific matters that Japanese scientists have to use a special form of the language. It is ironic that this special form is close to Chinese, from which Japanese developed in this distorted way through the centuries.

Japanese, like certain other languages, has no number or gender; being indicated by prefixing the word with "o" for a male and "me" for a female. The use of the pronouns is complicated by etiquette. There is a word for "I," but in conversation you avoid the use of pronouns. There are three words for "you," two of them polite and the other inferring that the speaker does not think highly of the person he is addressing.

# The Lady in number four—By Richard Keverne PART III

## WHY DID JANET KILL HERSELF?

BY a reed-thatched cottage, where the marsh road begins to rise towards Whindleford village, Gwen slowed her car. A neatly dressed, plumpish woman standing at the gate had raised a hand to attract her attention.

The woman said, "Would you be kind enough to give me a lift into Whindleford, miss? I've had a puncture, and if I walk I won't catch the Wilborough bus."

"Jump in at the back," Gwen said. "I'm going that way."

Gwen did not feel communicative. She had too much to think about. But for a few casual words she had no conversation with her passenger until they parted on Wilborough Market Hill. The woman was very grateful.

Nor was she more communicative with Hugh Merrow.

She passed him in the hall, and he would have stopped to talk, but she went on, agreeing with him that it was a very hot afternoon, and calling back from the stairs, "I've been over to look at the sea."

Later, in the cool of the evening, Gwen went for a walk.

She ambled slowly along the Priory Lane to the bridge, and there for some moments she stopped, leaning on the parapet, apparently regarding the peaceful little river flowing lazily on to the sea. Presently she crossed the stile and took the path through the woods by the river side. She was looking for something, and at last it seemed that she had found it.

### WANGLING WORDS—174

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after G, to make a soft, doughy mass.
- Rearrange the letters of RE MEND WIRE, to make an English lake.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DAY into OFF, TALES into COMET, GOLD into RUSH, BEET into ROOT.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from COMPENSATION?

### Answers to Wangling Words No. 173

- RESCORE.
- LOSTWITHIEL.
- STOCK, SHOCK, CHOCK, CROCK, CRACK, TRACK, TRACE, TRADE.
- MARY, MARE, HARE, HALE, HOLE, HOLD, GOLD, SOLD, COLD, CORD, CORE, COTE, CUTE, CUTS, PUTS, PUPS.
- OVEN, OVER, AVER, APER, APES, ACES, ICES.
- Meet, Teem, Mote, Mole, Loom, More, Mete, Moor, Room, Loot, Tool, Gelt, Grey, Leet, Reel, Lore, Role, Tore, Rete, Gore, Gory, Lory, etc.
- Greet, Motor, Meter, Romeo, Gloom, Groom, etc.

### JANE



She moved onwards, to stop once more opposite a bed of reeds by the further bank, the place where Janet Warren's body had been found. Then slowly she retraced her steps.

At the corner of the lane, by the "Black Boy," she saw a woman strolling idly. As she drew nearer she recognised her. She was the woman to whom she had given a lift that afternoon.

Gwen greeted her with surprise.

"I didn't expect to see you here," she said pleasantly.

"No more didn't I expect to see you, miss," the woman said with an answering smile.

"I might have driven you further if I'd known. I'm staying here at the 'Black Boy.'"

"Are you, miss? Why, that's where I've come to. Mr. Paternoster's my father."

"Oh?" Gwen said. "And—er—do you live at Shinglemouth?"

"Yes, miss. I work at the hotel there. I'm one of the cooks—"

"How long have you been here?"

"Over two years now."

"How very curious. I thought it such a charming hotel. And if you cooked my lunch, it was delightful."

The woman looked pleased.

"I'm glad you liked it, miss," she said.

"I did, indeed. And—are you staying long here?"

"Just for the night, miss. I've got to be back by five to-morrow."

"Then you must tell me something about your interesting hotel while you're here. So unusual and—remote."

Gwen nodded in a friendly way and passed on.

She went to the office when she entered the inn. Merrow was inside, and she beckoned to him.

"Oh, Hugh," she said. "Something very curious has happened and I want to talk to you about it. Could I see you for half an hour, quietly, after dinner?"

"Of course," he said. "Nothing serious, is it?"

"No, not really. Just rather curious," she said, with an unconvincing smile.

Merrow had become convinced that the bag was the cause of Gwen's odd request. Something she had found in it was going to make trouble, and that was an infernal nuisance.

But he forced an air of cheerfulness when he went to his room with Gwen later that evening. He settled her in a chair with a cigarette, and asked, rather like a doctor seeking to reassure a patient,

"Well, what's worrying you?"

Her answer was unexpected.

"Mr. Paternoster's daughter, the older one, who's staying here to-night, and works at the Shinglemouth Hotel—what do you know about her, Hugh?"

He looked puzzled.

"Milly?" he said. "Why—"

I didn't know you knew her, Milly? I don't know that I know anything about her, except that she is Stephen's daughter. She married a policeman, who's dead, and she is a devilish good cook. I hope to get her for this place next spring."

Merrow was impressed by the expression on the girl's



"Strewth! Beats me what he can see in her—!!"

face. She looked grim and worried and uncertain.

"I know it's going to sound all damned silly to you, but it's got to sound that way," she answered seriously.

"I want advice. Is this woman Milly safe—I mean trustworthy? I want to ask her some unusual questions—in confidence—and I don't want her to talk about them to anyone else. Do you think I could do so? Or could you or her father speak to her before I do and impress her with how important it is?"

"About Miss Warren?" Merrow asked bluntly.

Gwen nodded. "It is, as a matter of fact."

He was silent for a few moments.

"Yes, I should think so," he said at length. "Don't feel like telling me anything more, do you?"

"I do and I don't," she said frankly. "I didn't mean to, but—I don't know—you'd probably disapprove, but I think I shall."

She raised her eyes slowly and fixed them steadily on his face. "I'm trying to find out why Janet came here to kill herself."

"Kill herself!" Merrow exclaimed.

"Yes. Of course."

"But—the inquest."

"Inquest! Surely, Hugh, you weren't fooled by that? I thought it was plain to everybody with any sense that we

were all trying to save a scandal. The coroner knew it, so did Mr. Baldock and Mr. Paternoster. They must have done. And as for the verdict, it was ridiculous."

"But why, Gwen?"

"Did you think she was mad?"

"No, no. Just queer—terribly worried."

"You knew she'd been drinking hard, didn't you? I got that out of Mr. Paternoster."

"Well, yes, he did mention it."

"For heaven's sake, Hugh, stop being so innocent and face the facts. You thought in your own mind that she had committed suicide, didn't you?"

Her blunt words were effective. He stared perplexedly at the carpet, then admitted, "Yes, I did."

"Why?"

"Well, if you must know, because at dinner that night she looked like a woman who had reached absolute breaking point. She seemed in despair."

Merrow went on after a brief silence: "If you want the truth, both Paternoster and I thought you 'knew a deal more than you said at the inquest.'"

"Who else has been talking about how much I knew?"

"No one, so far as I know; I haven't discussed the matter."

"Has anyone else round here suggested that Janet killed herself?"

"I don't know. I haven't discussed it. I tell you. Paternoster may know. Baldock implied as much yesterday."

"Mr. Baldock—yes, I was pretty sure he didn't tell all he knew. I want to see him."

"But Gwen—if you knew—I mean—why did she do it? Was it drink, or wasn't she happy about Reggie Sudbourne?"

Gwen Darcy answered deliberately.

"I've never known Janet drink spirits in my life. She hated them. She hardly drank anything. She was madly in love with Reggie."

"Then why did she kill herself?"

"Because she was being blackmailed, and there was something she couldn't face."

"Good God!" Merrow exclaimed slowly. "Being blackmailed! What had she done?"

"I don't know. And I don't care." Gwen spoke in the same deliberate way. "But I'm going to find out, and I'm going to find out who was responsible. It was murder—worse than murder."

"But—have you been... I mean, oughtn't you to go to the police?"

"I have. I've been to Scotland Yard."

"What do they say?"

"That they can do nothing. In so many words, the

woman's dead, a nasty scandal has died with her, and that I'm very ill advised to try to stir up mud. Mr. Coles was very polite and sympathetic."

"Mr. Coles?"

"He's the C.I.D. Inspector I saw there. He said if I could give them any definite proof who the blackmailer was they'd take it up. But he obviously thought I was a completely misguided and interfering woman."

"But have you any proof?"

"No—not what they call proof."

"Then—but—I mean. After all, Gwen, if you can't prove anything, don't you think perhaps—"

"That the woman's dead and a nasty scandal has died with her and I'm very ill advised to stir up mud?" she interrupted hotly.

"No, I don't. That's Doctor Danvers' view, too, and Mr. Kyson's, that's her lawyer, and apparently Mr. Merrow's. But it isn't mine. Perhaps there are other poor, wretched women being tortured by this brute, and I'm going to stop it if I can. That's going to be my memorial to Janet Warren, and it's going to be a more worthy one than a stained glass window or a monument."

Still Merrow argued.

"But think of her friends and relations, Gwen, if you dig up a scandal. I mean, if you're right she obviously preferred to die rather than have this business brought to light. You yourself said there was something she couldn't face."

"She had no relations, near relations—she told me so. I was her best friend—and—"

"There's Reggie Sudbourne."

"If Reggie Sudbourne doesn't want Janet's murderer punished, then I don't care a damn for Reggie Sudbourne's feelings," she said angrily. "Anyhow, Hugh, I'm not asking you to mix yourself up in it. It's my business and I'm going on with it. I wanted to be honest with you and not make up fatuous excuses for wanting to talk to Milly Paternoster—"

"You'd better tell me what you want to ask Milly before I advise," he said.

"I want to ask her if she ever saw Janet when she was staying at the Shinglemouth Hotel, and I want to know if Janet had any friends there—particularly if she knew a Frederick E. Charlton."

"Who's he?"

"I don't know, but I found out to-day that every time Janet stayed at the Beach

## QUIZ for today

1. A gecko is a musical instrument, insect, plant, lizard, small pony?

2. Who wrote (a) Through the Magic Door, (b) The Magic Flute?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Strathspey, Claymore, Rigadoon, Cachucha, Bolero, Reel, Jig.

4. What is known to astronomers as the Coal Sack?

5. What is the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats by road?

6. Why is a shilling so called?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Cabaret, Calapash, Fulmenate, Charpoy, Demarcation, Deiqueuse.

8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a Major?

9. How many rivers called Stour are there in England?

10. What is the county town of Cumberland?

11. For what do the initials P.R.A. stand?

12. Complete the phrases (a) Scissors and —, (b) Scylla and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 218

- Hat.
- (a) Pope, (b) Shakespeare.
- Yew is evergreen, the others are not.
- It was first minted in Florence.
- Charles F. Browne.
- Black Bess.
- Calabash, Oscillate.
- Aircraftwoman 1st Class.
- Peter the Great, of Russia.
- Taff.
- Royal Institute of British Architects.
- (a) Games, (b) By crook.

Hotel this man was there, too. And I always felt sure that Shinglemouth was mixed up with Janet's trouble, and I'm certain of it now. She only told me that she'd been to Shinglemouth once before, that was just after last Easter. But now I know she was there in the winter when she said she was in Bournemouth, and she was there two months ago—I've got the date. And each time this man Charlton was there at the hotel."

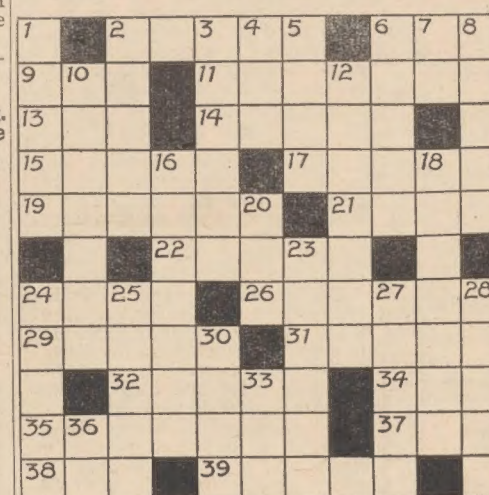
"Go to Milly in the ordinary way. Tell her that your friend Miss Warren used to stay at Shinglemouth, and ask her if she remembers her. She probably won't, but she'll have heard the talk. Then you can lead up to what you want to find out."

Gwen said frankly, "I hadn't looked at it that way."

"Come on, then; let's go and find Milly," he said.

(To be continued)

### CROSSWORD CORNER



#### CLUES ACROSS

- Soup.
- Rabble.
- Amount to.
- Notable part.
- Part of table.
- Festive sales.
- Astonish.
- Driving straps.
- Strong.
- Man from Glasgow.
- Proficient one.
- Rich soil.
- French.
- Fishing net.
- Heraldic red.
- Fish.
- Baffling.
- Acquire.
- Eggs.
- Plastic mixture.

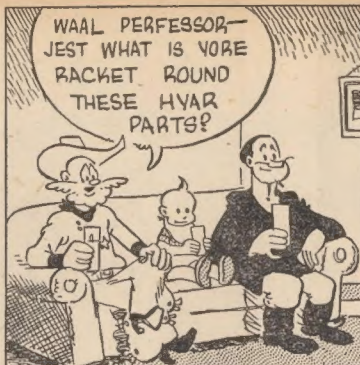
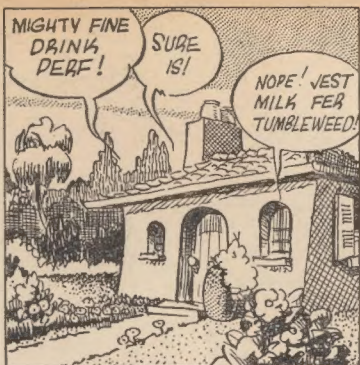
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

HAPPY PEGS  
MAYOR COPRA  
ON DILUTION  
ODD MAR TAG  
DYES TENOM  
S BOREDOME  
LOWER WELL  
SON NAP SOU  
PRATTLES OK  
ARIES ROUSE  
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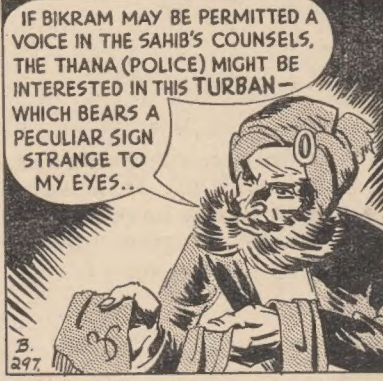
#### CLUES DOWN

- Herbal medicine.
- Gave rise to.
- Transgress.
- Drink.
- Head covering.
- Pleasant sound.
- Other wise.
- Quadruped.
- Shifting.
- Timber support.
- Fervent.
- Candidate.
- Sheep.
- Good.
- Contractor.
- Knave.
- Vassal.
- Gaels.
- Plick.
- Girl's name.
- Behold.

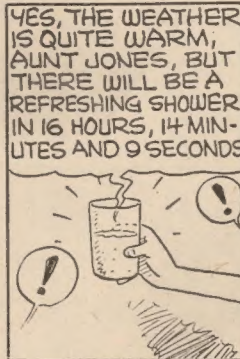
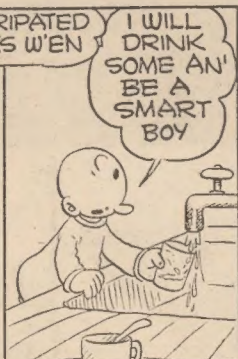
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



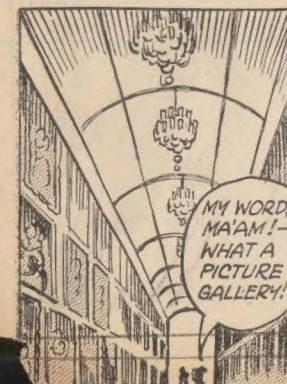
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## MORE IN THE SEA THAN SALT

WHAT is there in a cubic mile of sea water besides water and salt?

Few people could name all the major substances, and most are inclined to doubt figures which seem fantastic until you remember that a cubic mile of sea water is a tremendous amount.

Expressed as percentages, the amount of magnesium, bromine, strontium, iron and other substances seem trifling. Expressed as tons, they are impressive.

The contents of a cubic mile of sea varies with different parts of the ocean. The Adriatic and Red Seas have a high salt content, with just over and just under 4 per cent. salt. The Atlantic contains 3.56 per cent., and the Black Sea only 1.75 per cent.

In contrast, the Dead Sea is 25 per cent. salt, an amount which would make it virtually impossible for a submarine to operate in it.

Taking the oceans as a whole, the complete breakdown of a cubic mile of sea water would give over one hundred million tons of salt as the main product.

Next would follow nearly six million tons of magnesium, over 8,000 tons of aluminium, 283,000 tons of bromine, 8,700 tons of iron, 5,700 tons of strontium, 550 tons of copper, 192 tons of iodine, 94 tons of silver, and—yes—three tons of gold.

There are other chemicals making the equivalent of 430,000 tons of carbon dioxide, 35½ million tons of sulphuric acid, and over four million tons of lye.

## HOME FROM THE SEA.

When you consider that there are about 320,000,000 cubic miles of sea water in the world, and that, owing to differential heating, it represents a tremendous amount of energy—the Gulf Stream alone is equivalent to the consumption of 2,000,000 tons of coal a minute—you will agree, perhaps, that in time to come the sea may supply our factories with everything required from metals to power, and fit out our homes.

In fact, the sea is already being used as a great source of raw materials.

The United States has built giant plants for the extraction of magnesium from sea water, without which her great output of aircraft would have been impossible.

Her plants will eventually yield 400,000,000 lbs. of magnesium a year, and when this metal is no longer required in such great quantities for military aircraft, incendiary bombs, tracers and photographic flash-bombs, it will be used for making everything lighter.

Cars will weigh half as much. A woman will be able to lift a sofa with one hand. This use will be possible because the metal that not so long ago cost £1 a pound can now be obtained from the sea at less than 1s. per pound.

The first magnesium extraction plant at Freeport, Texas, had to pump 300,000,000 gallons of sea water a day to produce 18,000,000 lbs. of magnesium a year.

It was based on experience gained in extracting bromine from the sea. The bromine was urgently required when fuel technologists discovered that it made an effective "anti-knock" agent for petrol, raising the octane figure.

Iodine was the original anti-knock agent, but the much more easily and cheaply obtained ethyl dibromide from sea water proved equally effective.

The plant extracted only the bromine from the £15,000,000 worth of minerals dissolved in a square mile of sea water 76 feet deep. Even the £7,000 worth of gold and £5,000 worth of silver had to be wasted, because it would have cost twice as much to extract them as they were worth.

## TONS OF MONEY.

The amount of gold in all the oceans has been calculated at 75 thousand million tons. The estimate may be a few million tons wrong, but it is enough to make the mouth water!

No one has yet devised a method of extracting gold at a cost less than the value of the gold, even at its present high level. Put the figures another way and they give only half to one grain of gold per ton of water!

But methods may well be found in the future, based on the attraction of the gold particles by a particular kind of radiation.

Thousands of plates hanging down from an artificial island moored in the Gulf Stream could extract all the gold the world would need.

The theory is sound, but there are at present technical difficulties!

The Gulf Stream carries along each year four times as much gold as mankind has mined since the dawn of creation!

The 13 thousand million tons of silver the oceans are estimated to contain seem comparatively unimportant, especially as we do not know what to do with all the silver we can mine at the moment. The truth is that gold, except for its basis as monetary standard, has few uses which would justify a price above a shilling or two a pound.

The effect of really cheap extraction of the huge amounts in the sea might be to make it valueless as money, but useful as a substitute for zinc in corrugating iron sheets!

T. S. Douglas

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## AWAITING THE MILKMAN



Come, come, don't keep her waiting. How would you like to have luscious food dangled before your eyes?



## A BALLERINA RECLINES

Daria Luna, prima ballerina of Jack Buchanan's show, "It's Time to Dance," snatches a quick rest between acts.



## This England

The Old Mill House, Plumpton Place, Plumpton, Sussex, Could one possibly picture a nicer "retreat"?



In these days it seems that everybody has to be able to take over another job at a minute's notice. Well, this little chap looks as though he's passed out in mothercraft. Boy, oh, boy. Can he powder?



Even this horse seems to have got the idea of taking over another person's job, too. Unless, of course, the boss likes it that way. There's no accounting for tastes you know.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I prefer Luna, Cheerio boys."

